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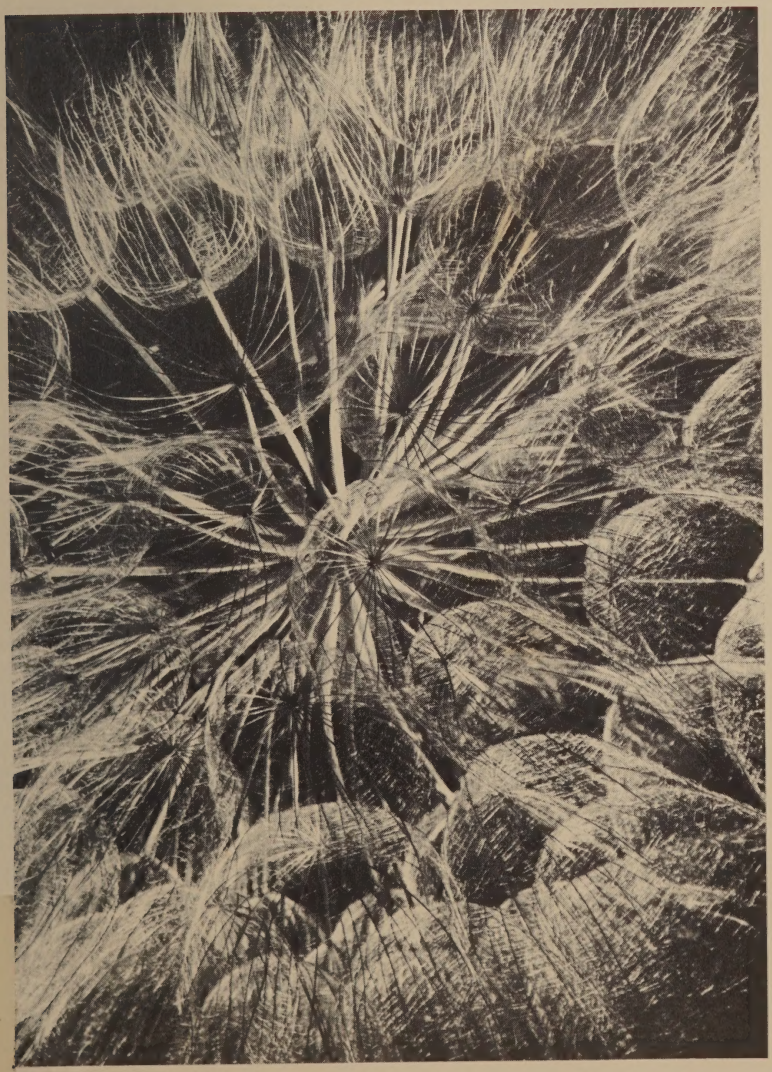
FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER



Since 1949 the purpose of Fellowship in Prayer is to promote the practice of prayer among all religious faiths whose fundamental belief is in God regardless of race, creed, and color, and whose tenets include the universal attributes, honesty, justice, and mercy, that thereby there may arise a closer relation to Almighty God and a deeper spirit of fellowship among mankind.

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EDITORIAL

Faith

MY mother had it. She depended on it, and it never failed her in all her seventy-five years.

I recognized it when I saw it in her eyes, heard it in her voice over long-distance telephone, knew it was there in invisible ink on the pages of the many letters she wrote me. She raised me to it.

I did not choose to have it, however. I regarded it as hopelessly old-fashioned—obviously very nice for her but a self-deception which an intellectually honest man in this day and age could not possibly entertain and keep his self-respect. I hung on to this "intellectual honesty" of mine with stubborn pride and constant discomfort. I did not let myself know I was panicking at the meaninglessness my mind set before me as the truth. I did not give in to my hankering after the comfort she had had. I found it—late—because I had to. When I found it, I was all right.

Even though I was all right, though, I kept on losing it. I had to keep on finding it again and again. I have to keep on trying to find it because when I don't have it I am unable to pray.

That is the connection between faith and prayer which is discussed in the contents of this issue.

Note the effects of lack of faith that William Murray III describes so vividly in his interview with Bob Waite. Note what he has to say about his mother, Madalyn Murray O'Hair, whose 1962 Supreme Court case brought about the famous ban on prayer in public schools.

The faith of the Theosophists is examined in Francis Merchant's history of that twentieth-century movement.

It can be sensed in the brief essay by the man formerly slated to lead the Theosophical movement—J. Krishnamurti, whom I once caught a glimpse of, white-haired and white-clad, walking with a pair of white dogs through the white fog of a morning on the coast of California.

It is touchingly visible in the facial expressions and body gestures recorded by Tom Dunham's camera for the photo-essay entitled *Handicap Olympics.*

The concluding article of Rabbi Silver's series *The Holidays Jesus Observed* is concerned with not unrelated ideals of our Judeo-Christian heritage.

It can be felt in the description sent us of a visit up among the peaks of the Himalayas with the Dalai Lama—and also in the short history by Leon Gersten of his beloved dog Shaggy.

It is clearly our necessity. —P.G.

DESPERATE PRAYERS

A TRUE STORY BY EVE R. WIRTH

THE CLASS was dismissed for the day. In his haste to get home, one boy fell and skinned his knee. Hardly a scratch, he thought, as he got up, brushed himself off, and continued his dash homeward. After supper, however, his knee began to hurt. Being a strong boy of thirteen, he didn't give it a second thought. In his flannel nightgown, he kneeled and said his night prayers and crept into bed in the room which he shared with his five brothers.

As he made his way out of bed to do his morning chores, the morning smiled at him. The pain was still in his knee, but he didn't mention it. The farm was a bustling place in the early morning hours—no time to do anything but get ready for school and do one's share of the work. He knew he had to do it right or be scolded.

Three mornings later, the pain in his knee had grown excruciating. He could barely get out of bed. It was Sunday, and he wanted to go to church with the family. But after trying to do his chores, he hobbled back into the house and fell onto the bed.

His mother asked what the trouble was. He bit his lip and told her his leg hurt. So swollen was his leg that his mother had to cut off his shoe. The leg was discolored. "Go quickly and get the doctor," she told the eldest of her sons. "Why didn't you tell me your leg hurt?"

She bathed the leg, put poultices on it, and laid cool cloths on his forehead. She stayed by his side, comforting him while they waited for the doctor to arrive.

When old Dr. Conklin examined the leg, he took a deep breath, called the mother aside, and whispered, "I'm afraid we can't save the leg."

The boy overheard these words and sat up and shouted, "What do you mean you can't save my leg?"

"What it means, son, is that if the infection continues as it's going, we'll have to amputate the leg."

"Oh no, you won't!" the boy screamed.

"The longer we wait," Dr. Conklin said, "the more of it we'll have to take off."

"You're not going to touch me with a knife, do you hear?" The boy's voice cracked as he screamed.

The doctor stalked out of the bedroom and the mother followed. The father rushed up the stairs and joined them as they whispered outside the patient's room.

Dr. Conklin explained that the boy's life depended upon amputa-

tion of his leg. Both parents stood with trembling hearts as they listened. At the same time they heard their boy calling his brother: "Ed! Ed! Come in here. I need you!"

The boy begged Ed to promise him that, no matter what happened, he would not let them take off his leg. "Promise me, Ed!" he implored. "Promise me!"

Ed came out of the room and shut the door behind him and stood there with his arms folded and said, "Nobody's going to cut off my brother's leg."

"But, Ed," Dr. Conklin said, "you don't understand."

"Maybe not," Ed said, "but I gave my word."

The mother and father, not convinced themselves that the amputation should take place, went along with this. "Guess we'll just have to wait and see how the leg looks by nightfall," the mother said.

Ed remained at his post for two days and nights. All the while the boy's fever mounted. The father and mother looked at the leg and saw that the discoloration had advanced up to his pelvis, just as Dr. Conklin had predicted it would.

The father and mother knew their boy would never forgive them if they permitted the doctor to amputate his leg. They were convinced that Ed would not allow the doctor to operate.

"It's murder!" the doctor shouted. "Nothing but a miracle can save the boy!" He stormed out of the house.

As the mother stood by the boy's bed, she cried out, "We had best pray with all our might!" After all, the family believed in God and His healing power. Had not the boy's grandfather—that old, inspiring farmer-minister of the River Brethren colony in Pennsylvania—always trusted in the healings of the Lord?

They and Ed fell to their knees beside the boy's bed, bowed their heads, and called upon the Lord to heal the boy. They prayed out loud, each taking turns in leading. The second night of this vigil, the other brothers joined in.

Next morning, as the doctor entered the boy's room, his experienced eye noted a sign. The leg's swelling had gone down. With a sigh of wonder, Dr. Conklin bent his head and said a prayer of his own. A miracle was taking place in this room. Praying had taken over. There were prayers of pleading and prayers of thankfulness that the good Lord had heard them.

Night fell. The boy opened his eyes slowly and in a half-daze looked down at his leg. It was still there. The discoloration had almost faded. He smiled as his mother bent over to kiss his brow.

Within three weeks, the boy stood up beside his bed. Dr. Conklin shook his head in amazement and lifted his eyes as the sun streamed into the room. "Thanks be to God," he said. The parents, beaming, said, "Amen!"

Dwight David Eisenhower stood ready to resume the life he was destined to live.

Self-Discovery

THE FIRST THING in life is not "Know thyself" as the Greeks supposed; for if you begin with yourself and your self-discovery, you'll end with yourself and the losing of your self in disintegration. As long as we held to Ptolemaic astronomy—making everything revolve around the earth as the center—we ended in confusion. Nothing came out right. But the moment we turned from the Ptolemaic to the Copernican astronomy wherein the earth revolved around the sun, and not everything around the earth, then everything began to fall into its place. All the sums began to add up to sense. As long as we are egocentric, even in religion, nothing will add up, except to confusion. But the moment you make God the center by surrender of yourself to Him, then and then only are you on the right center, and then and then only will your life sums begin to add up to sense.

From that center in God you can and will discover yourself. You discover yourself by losing the self in God—it comes back to you again, and you cultivate fellowship with and obedience to God. As a by-product of the fellowship the self is cultivated.

But when you make self-discovery and self-cultivation the center, then the result is an egocentric bypassing of Jesus. It is the same error as Gnosticism's. And it will perish as did Gnosticism by its own egocentricity. It will break itself upon the immutable law that he that saveth his life shall lose it.

From CHRISTIAN MATURITY by E. Stanley Jones
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THE PATH OF FAITH

AN INTERVIEW WITH WILLIAM MURRAY III

by Bob Waite

William J. Murray III was the plaintiff in the lawsuit titled William J. Murray vs. Curlett, et al. The result of the suit was a Supreme Court decision which stopped school prayer nationwide.

FIP: Mr. Murray, what happened in your life for you to change from an avowed atheist to a believer in God?

William J. Murray III: Well, I think that the primary thing that led me away from the path of atheism was getting very involved with my mother and her movement in 1975, after having nothing to do with her for ten or twelve years. By getting reinvolved I saw the type of damage that she and her organization did. I saw the negativism of that type of philosophy and its eventual leading to nihilism.

One of the contributing factors was the overwhelming number of personal problems it caused me. Getting reinvolved with "the Atheist Movement" led me over the edge into several compulsive behavior patterns. I'd drink two gallons of coffee a day, smoke four packs of cigarettes, and drink a fifth of Scotch a night. I was just going over the edge. Finally I just couldn't handle it anymore. I had to get out of there and back away from that entire movement. It took two or three years to recover from being around my mother and that group for only two years.

As I slowly started to recover, I started to notice a tremendous number of things around me. The things that faith could accomplish. Before I began to realize how bad my problem with alcohol really was, I wound up working in the Palmer Drug Abuse Program. The Palmer program showed me people with compulsive patterns similar to mine were in many cases just people who lacked any faith. You seldom saw anyone come in there who was a good Catholic or Jew. You just never saw them in the drug treatment program. I then saw how bad my alcoholism was and ended up a member of Alcoholics Anonymous. Seeing the rebuilding of lives in A.A., and experiencing the rebuilding of my own life just furthered my belief and my faith.

RELIGIOUS NEWS SERVICE PHOTO

William J. Murray III with his mother Madalyn Murray (now Madalyn O'Hair) in 1963. That year William J. Murray III was plaintiff in a suit before the U.S. Supreme Court which resulted in a ban on prayer in public schools. Mr. Murray recently testified before a House Subcommittee in support of a bill to allow local school districts to implement voluntary prayers in the public schools. He also announced formation of the "William J. Murray Faith Foundation" which opposes atheistic causes.

Other things were going on at the same time like the birth of my daughter and several commercial projects that I was working on. I'm a pretty good computer software person. These figures mean a lot to me in my field. The average book holds 1.2 million characters of information. The Encyclopedia Britannica holds 12 million-million and the most advanced of computer hardware can handle just a little more than that. The human brain, however, has an active storage capacity of 125 billion-million characters that can be instantly recalled. The human brain can store more information and recall it faster than any disc system IBM has ever come up with. Is this your basic piece of algae that crawled out of the sea? There is only a 12% difference biologically between a man's brain and a dog's. Why, then, don't dogs make cars, talk, read, and so on? There are a tremendous number of questions there that cannot be

answered, because there is a certain portion of life that can only be led as a matter of faith—particularly when faith works as well as it does.

The Soviet Union will absolutely not let Alcoholics Anonymous in. They have a drinking problem over there that's unbelievable! Their factories are collapsing. Their businesses are collapsing. Yet 25% of the population has a drinking problem. They will not allow religion to do anything about it. They will not allow spiritual programs like Alcoholics Anonymous. They use the standard drug treatments for alcoholics which turn them into drug addicts. Some of their factories, even after modernization, are producing less now than they were a decade ago. The people simply don't have any faith. There's no reason to do a good job. They're not going to get any rewards now or later. The better the job they do, the later they get to the food line, and the longer they're going to have to stand in it to buy a loaf of bread.

What I'm saying is that faith in general is an important part of our lives. If the Soviet empire ever actually collapses, one of the primary reasons for it is going to be that lack of faith.

If we reflect back on America, we see that we are headed in the same direction the Soviet Union was headed fifty years ago. That entire faithless, faceless type of nation where nobody has identity, and everone is one of the masses.

FIP: Do you see leaders who come from a religious background like Gerald Ford and Jimmy Carter as a positive or negative sign?

William J. Murray III: I don't think they're going to have any effect one way or the other.

FIP: So you're pessimistic about the way things are going?

William J. Murray III: No. No, I'm not. I'm not pessimistic. Most political action groups of faith are evangelical. They are small and don't represent all faiths. Our nation is a people of all faiths. Trying to confine faith is like trying to define God. As long as those groups don't understand that, they're going to remain pretty small, because they do not want people in their number who have any other faith than theirs. You don't have to be a "born again" Christian to have faith.

FIP: What is your faith?

William J. Murray III: I attend the Unitarian Church. I'm not the "born again" type Christian. They have a difficult time understanding me, because—well, if you're not a "born again" Christian, you're

not a Christian. You know, I don't drink, smoke, and do a lot of things that some "good," "born again" Christians do as a matter of course when they're not in church.

FIP: Do you condemn drinking and smoking?

William J. Murray III: No. Certainly not. The preacher who gets up on television and condemns people to hell and brimstone for all their activities and immediately gets off stage and lights up a big cigar, opens a bottle of bourbon while his secretary sits on his lap—such people I don't like.

FIP: Do you think it's possible for people outside of faith—atheists in particular, to come to faith without personal trauma?

William J. Murray III: I think most people without faith are living through traumas on a daily basis. Going over the two years I spent in the American Atheist Movement, I don't think that I ran into a single individual that wasn't traumatized daily. The orientation is so far away from that of humanity. It is so self-centered.

FIP: What's the point of it? Why would people band together to not want to believe in God?

William J. Murray III: I've never seen the point in it. It doesn't accomplish anything. It doesn't make anybody better. You know, atheists do not build hospitals, buy X-ray machines, found old people's homes, establish drug rehabilitation programs, or anything like that. So, what do they do? They criticize all the people who are involved in things like that. They say, "Look at you—fool! All you do is run around and help people. What a fool you are!" They really don't have any reason as a group for existence other than to criticize other groups.

FIP: What was your motivation for being involved in the American Atheist Movement?

William J. Murray III: I was raised in it.

FIP: Was your break with atheism and your family difficult personally?

William J. Murray III: No. Actually, the break with my family came a long time before my break with the movement. They're intolerable people. Even though I was raised in an atheist home, I still maintained some type of faith. Faith in human beings and a

variety of things. I would have confidence in things and as a result—they'd work! I had faith that my car would start in the morning, so it always started. My mother buys a Cadillac every year. She doesn't have it a week and it falls apart. I think there's a definite correlation there. She has a lack of faith in everything, and as a result nothing works. The woman can't get a phone to work for her. She can buy a dozen roses on a Monday and they'll all be dead by Tuesday. It's part of the vibrations—the overall negative vibrations. It just destroys everything around her. I've never seen anything like it.

She has compulsive behavior patterns in ideology and control which are not unlike the individual who suffers from alcoholism or drug addiction. These patterns are prevalent among atheists and the people around them suffer. My younger brother is a compulsive talker. He can't stop talking. When you're around someone who is staunchly atheistic, you get a lack of any feeling—a void. They pull you in rather than send any feelers out.

FIP: How did your mother become an atheist? Was it the result of intellectual conclusions she came to?

William J. Murray III: She claims it is.

FIP: As a child did she have a problem with her church?

William J. Murray III: I don't know what her problem is. I don't even think she's an atheist. I think she hates God. I think she hates God because God is a man. She loathes men. She hated her father, grandfather, husband, and children. The thing that upsets her the most in her life is that she didn't have any female children. She hates men to the extent that it overlapped into her feelings about God who is portrayed as a male figure. She had to deny God because she could not have a man telling her what to do.

FIP: Do you have a personal relationship with God in the form of prayer?

William J. Murray III: I pray and meditate. I have much to be thankful for. I seldom ask God for things. There is nothing I need to ask for. I'm content. There isn't much I want anymore. No sense asking for money. It doesn't matter. I either have it or I don't.

Prayer calms me down. When I get angry, I pray just a little bit, and I won't be as angry. It's like that about anything. If you just stop, say a little prayer, then see—see what God does about it. As Calvin Coolidge said, "If you seen ten worries walking down the street, just stand there because nine of them will fall by the wayside before they get you."

RELIGIOUS NEWS SERVICE PHOTO

William Murray III today.

The crest and crowning of all good,
Life's final star, is Brotherhood.
—Edwin Markham

THEOSOPHY

VISION OF BROTHERHOOD

by Francis Merchant

IN the latter part of the nineteenth century, science and religion were at loggerheads. In this atmosphere, the Theosophical Society was created—in 1875—by Helena P. Blavatsky and Henry S. Olcott. Its aim was to provide a vehicle through which the ideal of brotherhood could shine. Its motto was "There is no religion higher than truth." Few are inclined to quarrel with this formulation, but disputes immediately arose when truth was more specifically defined. Theosophy impugned on both materialistic science and dogmatic religion, thus calling forth the disapproval of both.

Although the Society was founded in the U.S., it soon moved its headquarters to Adyar, India, and there it remained. Madame Blavatsky was a picturesque figure about whom the swirling mists of controversy perpetually raged. She was no stranger to calumny. The false charges of spy and charlatan were leveled at her, but no one could deny that she wrote voluminous and scholarly works for which she received little material compensation. Her critics, it would seem, earned more by attacking her than she did by her lifetime of literary toil.

Her mentors, she said, were Mahatmas—great souls who had by ardent striving achieved a more advanced state of consciousness. The very existence of these personages became a subject for endless speculation and conjecture. Madame Blavatsky's literary output was considerable, but her fundamental contribution may be found in

Mrs Annie Besant

Mme Helena Blavatsky

The Secret Doctrine, Isis Unveiled, and *The Voice Of The Silence.*

After Madame Blavatsky's death, Mrs. Annie Besant directed the movement. She wrote in collaboration with Charles Leadbeater, a psychic who gave dramatic accounts of astral-plane phenomena. Factionalism soon gained ground. The American section broke away. Leadbeater's psychic findings were questioned. Mrs. Besant's authoritarian approach evoked discontent. The designation of Krishnamurti as the coming "world teacher" produced scepticism when the young mystic, rejecting his assigned role, moved in an unexpected direction.

The Ancient Wisdom

Does a uniting golden thread run through the tapestry of all world religions? Madame Blavatsky answered this question in the affirmative. In submitting evidence for such a conclusion, she gathered supporting data from the most diverse sources—from Hermeticism, Platonism, Vedanta, the Upanishads, Buddhism, Christianity, Kabalism, etc. For example, the ideal end of man's highest aspirations is similar in essence but differently designated: in the Zohar, it is the Palace of Love; in the Hindu religion, Moksha; among the Gnostics, the Pleroma of Eternal Light; among the Buddhists, Nirvana; among Christians, the Kingdom of Heaven.

The conception of the Trinity antedates the Christian era. It is

to be found in Hinduism, Hermeticism, Platonism, Chaldeanism. Madame Blavatsky maintained that such similarities suggest that all religions sprang from a common archaic source, and that what unites them is more significant than separative barriers. They are all engaged in a common search to understand man's plight in this time-space world and the manner in which he can achieve enlightenment. The walls of separation that religions have built around them obscure the underlying unity that ought to characterize all spiritual effort. Such concepts tend to produce a kind of universal ecumenism that serves to moderate religious fanaticism and intolerance. The wars of religion are manifestations of irrationality and misapplied zealotry. Disputing sectarians would be best advised to expend their energy in progressing on the path to perfection—the straight path that everyone who follows the light of truth must tread.

Justice and Harmony

Science believes that every effect must have a cause, and religion holds that reaping is directly proportionate to the sowing. The theosophist calls this causal relationship karma, that is, the divine justice of the universe of which our law courts are but a shadowy and very imperfect reflection.

An objection may immediately be raised to this line of thinking. Some persons flout spiritual principles, yet prosper, while others, who live justly and honorably, bear onerous burdens. The theosophist has an answer to this puzzle. The time-frame within which judgments are made concerns a single lifetime. If we say that man is immortal, he must have existed before birth. The lessons he has not learned in one lifetime he will have to learn by returning again and again until he has completed his studies. Reincarnation is therefore a corollary to karma. Earthly experiences are thus conceived to be the curriculum of a school which souls attend incarnation after incarnation until they have graduated, that is, until they have garnered the wisdom it can confer. What persons fail to achieve in one time-frame is left for the future.

Harmony requires the wise adjustment of personality to soul. All so-called wrongdoing causes a condition of imbalance that must be corrected—corrected by further experience on the material plane. Reincarnation and karma, then, flow from the operation of the law of harmony.

Science: Promise and Performance

The narrowness and dogmatism of theology give rise to a counterbalancing movement, namely, science. This development was filled with significance for mankind. Science rejected all theological doctrines, declaring that it sought only truth demonstrable by experiment. For centuries the intellectual battle raged.

The Industrial Revolution changed the face of the world. It demonstrated what science could do on the material plane. Theology could point to no comparable achievement.

In the middle of the nineteenth century, the conflict between orthodox religion and science became focused on the doctrine of evolution. Darwin's *Origin Of Species* appeared to contradict Genesis by presenting evidence to prove that man had risen by gradual degrees from animal ancestors, that is, by a natural process termed selection and the survival of the fittest, and not by divine fiat. Long and furiously the battle went on, generating more heat and smoke than light. In practical terms, science won because evolution became the accepted theory that treatises on biology expounded.

Into this heated controversy Madame Blavatsky stepped, finding fault with both science and theology. She suggested to science that the ape may be a degenerate offspring of man rather than an ancestor from whom humanity had sprung. Then, too, the Darwinian assumption that everything had happened by accident was a dogma rivaling any assumption ever made by theology. The evidence pointed to design, not chance, but biologists found such a deduction inconvenient and chose to ignore it. Science says it stands for the pursuit of truth but it limits its efforts to the sphere of physical things.

Then Madame Blavatsky pointed to the inconsistencies of the theological position. The seven days of Creation should be construed as seven ages and the Bible should be interpreted symbolically rather than literally. Religion represents man's struggle to find truth and to radiate its light—and this endeavor has little to do with the incrustations of doctrine that theologians are inclined to prize. Man has the opportunity to unite himself with the divine spark of his higher self or to identify himself with the ashes of his lower self. Religions provide frameworks within which this fateful choice can be made.

In defining her conception of truth, Madame Blavatsky quotes from the writings of Hermes. "How can that which changes so as not to be finally recognized be true? Truth, then, is that only which is immaterial and not enclosed within a corporeal envelope, that which is colorless and formless, exempt from changes and alteration; that which is Eternal." Such is the nature of metaphysical truth—significantly different from the scientist's interpretation.

It should be clear, then, that the theologian and the scientist look through different spectacles—the theologian points to traditional tenets of faith, and the scientist to the findings of matter-oriented experimenters. Madame Blavatsky pursued a different quest; namely, a search for the truth that transcends the formulations of the senses, the truth of being as distinguished from that of becoming.

Past, Present, and Future of the Human Race

The past is lost in the shadows of distant time; the purposes of present experiences are variously interpreted; the future is a theme for imaginative speculation. Clearly, then, man is ignorant of yesterday and tomorrow, and uncertain of the meaning of today's opportunities and experiences. Madame Blavatsky undertook to alter this clouded perspective.

Man's pilgrimage is a saga that may be divided into two stages—an involutionary descent into matter and an evolutionary ascent to spirit. A parabola provides a geometric representation of the process. Matter is thus redeemed and spirit enriched. One phase involves imprisonment in form, and the other, liberation from corporeality.

Quoting from an unpublished manuscript *(The Stanzas Of Dzyan)*, Madame Blavatsky elaborates the history of cosmic evolution. The outbreathing of the Divine Life produces manifestation; the inbreathing, a state of rest call *pralaya.* The descriptions have a universal character, being highly abstruse and metaphysical. In that distant past, there were "battles fought for space," we are told. The seeds of present conflict are rooted in decisions made in ancient times. A refusal of monads to incarnate created the first discord. Much later, in Atlantis, the battle between the forces of light and of darkness reached a climax. The record, according to Madame Blavatsky, declares that "the sins of men have become so black that Earth quivers in her great agony." The dark forces, although they succeeded, paid a heavy price, for Atlantis sank beneath the waves—and thus became a legend.

However, the conflict continues to this very day, and the outcome still remains uncertain. Mankind must still determine its destiny. Will it plunge into irrationality and chaos or accept its divine heritage? The future depends on humanity's decision either to shackle itself further with the heavy chains of materialism or to advance courageously toward the glory of the Limitless Light.

Every person who identifies with the spiritual flame that burns within him is a warrior fighting for the entire race of men, a soldier in a battle that extends over millenia. In his achievement, all are uplifted.

Evolution of Consciousness

The evolutionists maintain that one species is metamorphosed into another, but the evidence that amoebas become fishes or that lions and apes become human beings is singularly lacking. In any case, the emphasis is placed on the evolving form, not on the evolution of consciousness, even though this aspect is more important.

The changes that occur in the bodily structure of a person during a lifetime are less significant than the growth in understanding

and wisdom that takes place. The physical development of Plato, Buddha, or Confucius interests us little, but the realizations they achieved touch us deeply. That Helen Keller was deaf and blind is not very meaningful, but the wealth of thought and spirit that she attained in spite of her handicaps wins our admiration. We honor the scientists for their developed intelligence, not for their physical prowess. Whether St Francis occupied a frail body concerns us far less than the spirit that animated his actions. The difference between primitive man and his modern representative is not so much discernible in bodily structure than in intellectual capacity. In all these cases, the evolution of form has less meaning for us than the evolution of consciousness.

Large areas of human experience are excluded from scientific investigation. Madame Blavatsky witnessed many psychic phenomena that are *a priori* categorized by materialists as purely imaginative and unreal. Psychometry, clairvoyance, astral projection, psychokinesis, possession, transmission of thought at a distance, the domination of wild animals by mantrams, the power of prayer, the psychic machinations of *dugpas* (brothers of the shadow), apparently miraculous healings—all were known to her. Scientists, even when they did not reject such phenomena outright, refused to come to the conclusion that these occurrences were simply expression of the many-gifted psyche. Reading, for example, may be as odd to the illiterate as clairvoyance is to the average citizen.

The Path to Transcendence

Educational institutions seek to produce scholars, but theosophy aims to develop initiates or *arhats.* In her book *The Voice Of The Silence,* Madame Blavatsky outlines a method for the transformation of consciousness. The caterpillar of the personality thus becomes the butterfly of the higher self. The beginning of the Way starts with a strong sense of dissatisfaction regarding the customary patterns of living, a realization that all the emoluments life could proffer are inadequate for the questing souls that seek the causes of which all we cognize are but effects or shadows. The Way to understanding leads through three halls—that of Ignorance, that of Learning, and that of Wisdom. In the first hall, diverse nets of illusion hold the soul in thrall. Here the "fires of lust" are often mistaken for "the sunlight of life." The second hall (of Learning) contains many flowers, but under each lies a coiled serpent. Those who enter this region pursue wandering fires of illusion in the circle of mutability. In the third hall (of Wisdom) the seeker learns that he is a wave of the ocean of humanity, an inalienable part of the universal Whole.

The ladder by which the seeker ascends "is formed of rungs of suffering and pain." He is told, "Strangle thy sins, and make them

dumb for ever." Through many realms of illusion the path winds to those dimensions of consciousness whereon the causal essentials dwell, from which the river of effects unceasingly flows.

The golden bird caged in the heart must be freed that it may sing. The first step in breaking the imprisoning fetters is so to live that one benefits mankind. The virtues that destroy the bonds comprise universal charity or magnanimity, balance or justice, detachment, unchanging patience, the will to achieve, and focused striving.

The seeker who has with arduous toil climbed to the heights faces still another fateful decision. Will he turn his back on the struggling humanity from which he has emerged, permitting the suffering sons of men to grasp futilely at shadows, or will he turn back from merited bliss to help those who cry for light? To the following searching questions must he find the answers: "Can there be bliss when all that lives must suffer? Shalt thou be saved and hear the whole world cry?"

The compelling sense of compassion causes him to renounce bliss in order to serve humanity.

Are there any graduates of this school of endeavor? Madame Blavatsky declared that two such *arhats* encouraged her to found the Theosophical Society and aided her in writing her books.

Brotherhood

The world will not endure as a neighborhood unless it becomes a brotherhood. Although this concept is generally affirmed, the implications are all too seldom discussed. The Theosophical Society was founded to transform the vision of brotherhood into a more manifest reality. That task still remains, and it grows more urgent with each passing generation.

Why is it so difficult to translate this universal dream into objective actuality? "Until you have become really, in actual fact, a brother to everyone," Dostoevsky wrote, "brotherhood will not come to pass." Men approve the end, but balk at the means of achieving it. Grasping at straws, they neglect the greater treasures. In sharing available resources, "every one will think his share too small, and they will always be envying, complaining, and attacking one another."

To ask men to be as considerate as elephants does not seem to be unreasonable. These great animals tread carefully lest they "crush weaker creatures" than themselves. Would that men were equally concerned about those who stand in their path.

The adept, who has renounced the reward of his efforts in order to aid struggling humanity, looks on compassionately, waiting for the day when man will achieve a greater sense of spiritual maturity and decide to tread the small old path that leads from the vale of illusion to the eternal City of Light.

J. Krishnamurti

Gossip & Worry

by J. Krishnamurti

HOW ODDLY similar are gossip and worry. They are both the outcome of a restless mind. A restless mind must have a changing variety of expressions and actions, it must be occupied; it must have ever-increasing sensations, passing interests, and gossip contains the elements of all these.

Gossip is the very antithesis of intensity and earnestness. To talk about another, pleasantly or viciously, is an escape from oneself, and escape is the cause of restlessness. Escape in its very nature is restless. Concern over the affairs of others seems to occupy most people, and this concern shows itself in the reading of innumerable magazines and newspapers with their gossip columns, their accounts of murders, divorces, and so on.

As we are concerned with what others think of us, so we are anxious to know all about them; and from this arises the crude and subtle forms of snobbishness and the worship of authority. Thus we

become more and more externalized and inwardly empty. The more externalized we are, the more sensations and distractions there must be, and this gives rise to a mind that is never quiet, that is not capable of deep search and discovery.

Gossip is an expression of a restless mind; but merely to be silent does not indicate a tranquil mind. Tranquility does not come into being with abstinence or denial; it comes with the understanding of what *is*. To understand what *is* needs swift awareness, for what *is* is not static.

If we did not worry, most of us would feel that we were not alive; to be struggling with a problem is for the majority of us an indication of existence. We cannot imagine life without a problem; and the more we are occupied with a problem, the more alert we think we are. The constant tension over a problem which thought itself has created only dulls the mind, making it insensitive and weary.

Why is there this ceaseless preoccupation with a problem? Will worry resolve the problem? Or does the answer to the problem come when the mind is quiet? But for most people, a quiet mind is a rather fearsome thing; they are afraid to be quiet, for heaven knows what they may discover in themselves, and worry is a preventive. A mind that is afraid to discover must ever be on the defensive, and restlessness is its defense.

Through constant strain, through habit and the influence of circumstances, the conscious layers of the mind have become agitated and restless. Modern existence encourages this superficial activity and distraction, which is another form of self-defense. Defense is resistance, which prevents understanding.

Worry, like gossip, has the semblance of intensity and seriousness; but if one observes more closely one will see that it arises from attraction and not earnestness. Attraction is ever changing, and that is why the objects of worry and gossip change. Change is merely modified continuity. Gossip and worry can come to an end only when the restlessness of the mind is understood. Mere abstinence, control, or discipline will not bring about tranquility, but only dull the mind, making it insensitive and confined.

Curiosity is not the way of understanding. Understanding comes with self-knowledge. He who suffers is not curious; and mere curiosity, with its speculative overtones, is a hindrance to self-knowledge. Speculation, like curiosity, is an indication of restlessness; and a restless mind, however gifted, destroys understanding and happiness.

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The Seed of Restlessness

WE OFTEN FEEL that our heart is stony, and that we have no power to warm it with love. There is, however, one thing we can all do: we can heed the first feeble stirrings of a love for God, the first timid longing of our restless hearts for God. The busy cares of life make us dusty and tired, so that even life's joys may become insipid. There are times when we feel cold and alone, our friends become as strangers to us, and even the love of our dearest fails to satisfy a deep longing in our innermost soul. Our world seems a meaningless tangle of empty hurryings to and fro, where the new turns out to be the old wearing another face, where the day follows pointless day, where knowledge arduously gathered lies cold and inert in the soul. Life ebbs, wealth becomes as sand running through one's fingers, friendship grows cold, the senses become blunted and without response. Such is every man's lot, but we do not regard such things as our real sufferings. For, in addition, there is all the bitterness that can fill the heart of a man—desolation, grief, distress, and suffering both of body and of soul.

Grace comes when we are made to realize the futility and ephemeral nature of all things under the sun, and it is typical of human nature to resist this realization. When one thing turns to dust and ashes for us, we turn from it hopefully to something else, and so the restless search goes on. This seed of restlessness placed in the human heart, though at first sight it may appear an unwholesome thing, is in reality a great blessing. For when a man has discovered that all his fevered searching leads only to blank walls of disillusion, he begins to experience a new realization which makes a way for the love of God in heart. There is only one object of love—God—that can fill the soul of man to its immortal girth—that can quench the thirst that drives a man restlessly on and on. God alone can possess us fully and satisfy us entirely.

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Handicap Olympics

Photo-Essay by Tom Dunham

A YEAR AGO a woman from the State Recreation Department called and asked me to photograph the annual Special Olympics. I didn't hesitate to accept. After all, photography is my profession, and sports, particularly track and field, has long been a keen interest of mine. We discussed the assignment—date, time, fees, and so forth and then, as an afterthought, I asked who'd be competing. As a bonus, I was hoping there'd be a recognizable star or two.

She answered as if there had been a misunderstanding, as if I'd been misinformed. "You know they're all kids, don't you. Handicapped kids from all over the state."

"Could you hold the line a minute," I asked, "while I check my calendar? I might be out of town that weekend."

I sat there with the receiver cupped in my hand and tried to scheme some gracious way to back out. I drew a blank—unusual for me, who's rarely at a loss for words—and with all the assurance I could muster told the woman "yes" I'd be there, cameras at the ready.

After I hung up I felt no less ashamed of myself than I felt anxious about the upcoming day. I suppose my sudden reluctance to accept the assignment, my panic over the thought of being surrounded by handicapped children, was rooted in the same confused jumble of fears and anxieties that many share.

Children evoke our most unchecked feelings. And I'm sure there isn't one of us whose heart hasn't at some time reached out to a youngster handicapped without sight, or sound, without a strong and healthy body, or whose innocent eyes will never see more than a five-year-old's world. But at the same time haven't many of us—most of us?—felt the uncomfortable tug to remove ourselves, to keep our distance, to look the other way? Why?

As a teenager, many years ago, I once found myself in a supermarket line behind a mother and son. The boy was retarded. Perhaps he was ten. He stood with his back to his mother, staring at me with a blank, unblinking smile. No matter where or how purposefully I looked away I could feel his gaze. After a minute or two of fidgeting I looked down to find his grin a bit broader and his hand extended. I smiled at his mother, and then darted out of line, mumbling something about forgetting a quart of milk.

Why did I withdraw then? And why, nearly twenty-five years later, did I "dart out of line" to check my calendar? Not until I had

Everyone was a winner at Special Olympics—no matter where they placed.

It was a time for everyone to be proud of themselves.

finished photographing the children's Olympics and had returned home, aglow with unexpected good feeling and eager to tell my wife and children all that happened, did I begin to know the answer.

No sooner had I arrived at the field than my first preconception was shattered. This was no small event I'd be photographing, a few dozen children and their over-protective parents. Instead, the stands were filled with nearly a thousand fans, and a steady flow of new arrivals was pouring in from all sides—as many without children as with, and as many with non-handicapped children as there were whose children were blind, or retarded, or crippled, or who suffered from any one of many less obvious problems. There were food vendors, TV and radio crews, state officials, two former boxing champions, and a high school band going full tilt up and down the infield. Brightly colored caps and shirts were being given to all the participating families, and with a hot air balloon bobbing in the background the whole scene had a happy festive look that went far beyond anything I imagined.

Midway through the first contest—a thirty-yard race for five-to seven-year-olds—I was struck by the realization that in no way was the athletic element of the race diminished by the fact that each of the contestants was confined to a wheelchair. The kids needed no help (parents watched from the sidelines), and were as enthusiastically competitive, as playfully aggressive, and as proud of their winning ribbons as any child trackster I've ever watched. In fact, if there was a difference it was the noise level. The cheering and applause of these Olympics would have drowned out any track meet in the state.

It was a busy, and, at times frantic, assignment. Throughout the afternoon there were events at each end of the field, races on both sides of the track, and a swimming and diving competition in a nearby pool. By the time the meet was over, after nearly four hours, I was as exhausted as the weariest child. But at the same time I felt an elation that had me racing to get home.

I couldn't wait to tell my family about the blind girl who placed third in the high jump; about the boy on crutches who tried an obstacle race four times, until he finally completed it; and about the parents with three adopted children, each with cerebral palsy, and how proudly they all posed with their medals and ribbons. "Never," I would tell them, "did I enjoy a job more."

That night I thought about my initial hesitation and my anxiety during the days before the meet. I couldn't figure it out. Why the reluctance before and the excitement after? I didn't believe my earlier feelings were based on some misconception about handicapped children. I had read enough reports and watched enough TV specials to convince me that these people—children and adults alike—often lead functional and rewarding lives. Perhaps *that* was the key—the answer. I had had no firsthand experience, no direct

(Continued on page 29)

This youngster typified the spirit of the day—competing in nearly every event and determined to do it all on his own.

No handicap could keep these friends from a bit of good-natured teasing.

"There's nothing we can't do, and no place we can't go."

A perfect ending to the day.

involvement, however brief, with the daily lives of the people I "feared."

I hadn't trusted myself. I hadn't realized how, through the course of adulthood, marriage, becoming a father, I'd outgrown early, childhood fears. I was no longer that nervous teenager in the supermarket line. But in this one area of my life, during the past twenty years, I had been allowing that teenager to tag along, keeping me in the dark, and not until I had extended my hand—as years earlier that child had done to me—was I to realize how much I had grown. I wonder in how many ways the child locked up inside of me keeps me from experiencing a fuller, richer life. In one case, at least, I'm sure I found an answer.

The Holidays Jesus Observed
ROSH HASHANAH AND YOM KIPPUR

by Samuel M. Silver

THE sages of Judaism, wanting to make a distinction between the commencement of the secular year (in Nisan, the time when spring began) and the new year of the soul, designated the first day of the seventh month *Rosh Hashanah*. (*Rosh* means "head of," *shanah* means "year," and *ha* is the definite article.) In September or October, it was greeted with joy modified by reverence and introspection, for now began a time for delving into one's soul, reviewing one's deeds, acknowledging one's faults, follies, and shortcomings, and resolving to make amends.

The bond between God and man seemed especially strong during the penitential days. The tie between the Creator and the created was strengthened by services in the temple, the offering of special guilt-sacrifices, reiteration of Psalms, and reimmersion in Scriptures. The link was further fortified by the sounding of the ram's horn, which is called in Hebrew *shofar*. The shofar gives an eerie sound. It is like an alarm-clock, jarring whoever hears it into sharp realization of errors and misdeeds and rousing him to reform and regeneration. Jesus knew the multiple import of the ram's horn during observance of what came to be known as the High Holydays.

The Scriptural reading for Rosh Hashanah was the story, in the twenty-second chapter of Genesis, of the near-sacrifice of Abraham's son, Isaac. God's command to offer him up is described as part of a test. The Lord had no desire for Isaac to be sacrificed. The patriarch is stopped from slaughtering his son by an angel who praises him for his loyalty and then instructs him to offer up a ram instead. The ram dramatized, indeed, divine disgust with human sacrifice. When the shofar is sounded, it megaphones the Lord's chagrin not only over individual sins but the faults of society at large which has not found a way of solving differences without resort to violence. The horn conveys another important message. The shofar was also the

bugle of the military forces. By bringing it into the house of worship and sounding it at a service of penance, the people were following the injuction of Isaiah to transform implements of war into instruments of peace. Isaiah called for the transmutation of swords into ploughshares, and the New Year ritual transmuted an object used to rally people to fight human enemies into one that summoned them to battle with inner enemies.

The supplementary reading from Scripture recounts the birth of Samuel, the great judge and prophet whose birth was the answer to the prayers of Hannah. When the Lord granted her request, she devoted Samuel to a life of religious service. In her thank-you to the Lord, she cried out words which form the theme of the High Holydays: "For the Lord is a God of knowledge, and by Him actions are weighed." God's role and rule as judge form the theme of the Holydays. The rhythm of guilt and punishment is in evidence in the prayers and homiletics of the period.

Transcending God's judgmental image are two other aspects of the relationship between the Almighty and His people which are highlights of the days of penitence.

The first of these is free will. The Hebrew prophets rejected the notion that human beings are merely actors of a scenario scripted by the Divine Author. Man is empowered to act in accordance with his own understanding, and that understanding is a gift from on high. The belief in free will assumes that those who act nobly are to be lauded while those who do not are to be condemned. But, as Moses relays the situation to his people, "I have set before thee life and death, the blessing and the curse. Therefore choose life." Man's ability to choose, to make his own decisions, is paramount.

Rosh Hashanah, however, never became a somber occasion even though it was a solemn one. Coursing through its observance is the delightful awareness that one need not remain what one was, that one can grow better and sweeter if one only makes use of the potential implanted in each of us. The feeling of joy gives the Holydays a festive air. During Rosh Hashanah, the scrolls are clothed with covers of white, denoting joy and the purity which can be regained through "prayer, penitence, and acts of loving kindness. . . ."

Also part of the exultation on this day was the teaching that the Lord was not harsh in judgment but exceedingly compassionate. The conviction, reiterated in Scriptures, that God is "slow to anger and long-suffering," gave the contrite worshipper reason for exhilaration even as he pondered his misdeeds. The sounds of the Shofar reinforced the joyousness. The first of its sounds is a smooth one called Tekiah. The next two are broken (to signify hearts and prom-

ises broken by guilty individuals) called Truah, "alarm," and Shvariam, or "staccato." They are followed by a lengthy Tekiah which declares in effect that if one is truly sorry and seeks to offer retribution to those wronged or injured, one can recapture the pristine purity of one's character.

The sabbath after Rosh Hashanah is a special day, too. It is one of the sabbaths of the year which has a special designation. It is called Shabbat Shuvah. *Shuvah* means both "remorse" and "return." On that day the reading is from the prophet of mercy and forgiveness, Hosea: "Return, O Israel, unto the Lord thy God; For thou hast stumbled in thine iniquity." The preaching of the day deals with the grace of the Lord in granting us avenues leading to moral rehabilitations.

The climax of the holy period comes on the tenth day. It is Yom Kippur, the Day of Atonement. The Bible refers to it as a time for the affliction of the soul, which is construed to mean fasting. It begins at sundown the night before. It is reckoned this way because it reminds the devout that bleakness and darkness need not be the end of the story, darkness can be prelude to light. Fasting, then, starts at sundown on the ninth day of Tishri. The devout gather in their homes to bless the candles and the pre-fast meal, which should be a sumptuous one, since it is deemed meritorious to eat well before Yom Kippur. The people abstain from food for twenty-four hours, and the faithful spend the day in houses of worship, acknowledging mistakes and misdeeds, pleading for God's pardon, and importuning Him to forgive those who have injured Him. The fast is mandatory. Its purpose is to experience discomfort and in that way to put oneself into the bones of those one has mistreated or harmed.

At the conclusion of the service, the Shofar is heard once again.

Did the High Holydays commemorate any historic event? No. But gradually legend and lore ascribed the New Year to the time of the creation of the world. The symbolism of this was the possibility of each individual's recreating his own world and life on such a day. This is the genesis of the concept of being "born again."

In the pages of the Bible, and in archeological remains excavated in the Middle East, we learn that many peoples inhabited the part of the world known as the Fertile Crescent.

One of the smallest of the groups of ancient days were the Hebrews. They survived, while the others vanished. Why?

The answer is implicit in what we have been discussing. The Hebrews survived because their leaders girded them with purposefulness. The Israelites were given a reason for survival. They were told that they had been commissioned to lift the level of human

conduct not only for themselves but all humanity. The founders of Judaism had a global viewpoint. The story of Creation, the story of Noah, and the teachings of Moses were all predicated on the idea that the world was an integral unit. Moreover, they constantly sought to raise the outlook of the people. They ringed the year with observances like those we have described. These holidays took cognizance of the earthly and the mundane, the need to cultivate the soil, and the worthwhileness of material pursuits. But the followers of Abraham and Moses were made to feel that they could derive delight not only from acquisition and possession but from the devotion of these things to aims greater than themselves. So the holidays, so artfully created, gave the Hebrew people not only joy but strength. When calamity struck, the Judeans maintained their spirits because they believed that they were in good hands—that they were defeated by enemies because of their own shortcomings, because of their failure to live up to the mandates of the Lord. This custom of self-blame kept the people from bitterness. As one Talmudist put it, the people did not hold ideas: they were held by ideas.

The judicious blend of joyfulness and seriousness which typify Jewish holidays gave equilibrium to the souls of the people. And the treasure-trove of ideals which are bound up in these holidays—the love of freedom, the sense of life's sacredness, the need to give thanks, the joy of adhering to moral law, the quest for peace, the belief in the obligation to help the needy—constitute the ideals which characterize what we called the Judeo-Christian heritage.

The relationship of the people of Jesus and the religion about Jesus is like that of mother and daughter. The similarities between the two faiths far outnumber their differences. As a result, many Christians are now eager to go back to their roots, to familiarize themselves with the regimen and habitat of their Savior. The more they do so, the more they will embody in their daily living the principles which animated Jesus. Conversely, the more Jews will overcome their disinclination to open the New Testament, the greater will be their willingness to become reconciled with the devotees of the daughter religion. When mother and daughter rediscover their bond, they will help to usher in a Golden Age.

This is the final part of THE HOLIDAYS JESUS OBSERVED by Rabbi Silver. The first three parts appeared in 1978, the fourth in January 1980.

Visiting the Dalai Lama

by Marie-Louise Busby

IT WAS NOT EXACTLY EASY to obtain an appointment with the Dalai Lama. But, after much correspondence with his headquarters in India, we succeeded. My husband and I were very excited as we proceeded to buy suitably warm clothing for the trip—scarves, balaclava caps, thick socks, etc. Our Hindu friend, who carried our bedding on his head, escorted us to the train that would take us from New Delhi along the Kashmiri line.

We arrived just before dusk at a small station named Pathankot, wondering what the next step would be. A young Tibetan approached us, greeting us by name. He recognized us because we were the only people to get off the train. He took us immediately to a car and whisked us at a devilish rate along mountain passes with steep drops on either side. My husband and I clung to each other, never knowing if we were going over the edge. To add to our difficulties, a blinding blizzard started. Our driver seemed to know the way instinctively, however. Higher and higher we drove. It was already dark when we arrived at the residence provided us by the Dalai Lama's secretary.

Entering the house, we were shown into a cold bare room. For a moment our hearts sank. What had we let ourselves in for? We shivered and shook while an attendant threw a few buckets of water to flush the toilet in the adjoining room, making it all wetter and colder. We were supplied with two extra blankets, and slept in all our clothes.

Rising early the next day, we went outside to behold the high peaks of the snow-clad Himalayas. What a joy to really see them! I say this because during many years of search for Divine Truth I had always longed to see at first hand those mountains where the air is so pure and rarefied. We felt wonderful as we took several deep breaths and gave thanks to be there.

Our driver picked us up on schedule and drove us to the residence of the Dalai Lama in Dharmsala, at the foothills of the western Himalayas. We waited in the reception room for His Holiness and his secretary. When they arrived, the secretary acted as interpreter. We exchanged greetings and gifts and immediately felt a wonderful rapport. The Dalai Lama showed much interest in the purpose of our visit and our spiritual work in the West. We discussed the teachings of the different schools of esoteric Buddhism and the opening of the third eye. His Holiness seemed surprised to meet two westerners who had experienced a certain amount of interior illumination.

We had tea and coffee and, whenever there was a lull in the discussion, glanced out the window at the mountain peaks. His Holiness asked us to return some day.

As we bid him farewell, he presented us with a copy of his book *The Opening Of Wisdom's Eye.*

BOOKS

Christopher Isherwood's **My Guru and His Disciple** *(Farrar, Straus, Giroux, $12.95)* is a record of the famous British writer's relationship with Swami Prabhavananda of Los Angeles, whom he met in 1939 and regarded as his spiritual mentor and guru until the Swami's death from heart disease in 1976. The record is composed of reminiscences, of excerpts from Isherwood's diary full of celebrity names like Garbo, Huxley, and Heard, and of an obsession with sexuality which, admirably frank in itself, provides the often heavy-going narrative of his spiritual obsession with a necessary foil. For those who can stomach such candor, this is a fascinating picture—often funny, often touching—of the Swami. It is Isherwood's style to accentuate the human shortcomings of anyone he writes about, so here is the Swami's chain-smoking, his apparently constant giggle, his open pride in the fame of some of his disciples. Like many spiritual leaders, Swami Prabhavananda first attracted followers among the well-to-do, the bored, and the unwrapped. His understanding of and tolerance for such personalities, his ability to see through the nonsense to the legitimate seeker inside, his abiding loyalty in face of disaster, deviation, and downright betrayal, his lovingness, his perceptiveness, his sense of humor, add up to the portrait of a being superior to those most of us have been lucky enough to know. Swami Prabhavananda was a model of what some of us would like to be if only because of the love offered him by those to whom he gave his own. Asked if a guru ever withdrew his love from a disciple, the Swami typically replied: "I don't know yet." This contains the tone of the extraordinary man, relaxed and smiling in his wisdom. —P.G.

How to Meditate Without Leaving the World, by Avery Brooke *(Seabury Press, $4.95)* is just what its name suggests, a "how to" book about meditation. It speaks both about learning to experience the "beyond" while at the same time seeing these experiences as inextricably tied to the experiences of this world.

"That most difficult of tasks: to remember that God is God in the world as well as beyond it. To find the sacred and secular. To hear God in the commonplace and not forget the reality of either God or the commonplace. It is the paradox of the Beyond in our midst. And yet in another paradox, the difficult is really simple. To hear God in the world takes a little time, a little seeking, a little practice. The main difficulty lies in getting around to it."

It is an easily understood book for those who are willing to give it a try. It offers a challenge as well as the support of some clear guidelines. For the short amount of time it takes to get through it, a large quantity of valuable information is gleaned. The reader wants

to return to it almost immediately having the feeling that this is a book worth reading several times and keeping at hand as a reference book. —D.J.H.

The Meaning of Prayer, by Harry Emerson Fosdick *(Abingdon, $1.95)* is a reprint of the American classic. It is a course, divided into ten chapters which are further divided into seven daily readings. At the end of each chapter is a section, *Comment for The Week* and *Suggestions for Thought and Discussion.* These sections sum up the chapters and guide the reader to a deeper understanding of prayer. The weekly topics range from serene chapters like *The Naturalness of Prayer* and *Prayer as Communion with God* to more troublesome topics like *Unanswered Prayer* and *Prayer as a Battlefield.* —B.W.

In the tradition of William James, Alister Hardy's **The Spiritual Nature of Man** *(Oxford University Press)* is about religious experience. It is about the first eight years of The Religious Experience Research Unit at Manchester College, Oxford University, where three thousand personal accounts of transcendental experiences were gathered and classified. These accounts form the factual basis of the study. The classification, the research design, and direction of the project give us a glimpse of the author's zoological background which allows him to conduct such a study "in the spirit of an inquiring naturalist."

There is a certain urgency to **The Spiritual Nature of Man** which comes through in statements like "The bringing of the elements of religion into the realm of scientific thought may prove to be a vital issue: unless this can be done, religion as a moral force may disappear, and we cannot be sure that our civilization will survive without it." This sense of urgency and importance of the subject survives the empirical investigation and guides it away from explanations which belittle the role of the Divine.

In the last chapter of the book, *What is Spirituality?,* Alister Hardy speaks for himself, ever conscious of the difference between his conclusions and the open-ended nature of the study. Hardy affirms that, to him, these experiences genuinely are of the Divine and they can aid in the understanding of man's spirituality. Among his conclusions is that the Divine should be thought of as personal and that "the element of spirituality which is at the heart of all religion is the phenomenon of prayer."

His general conclusion, if any, about the spiritual nature of man is: "The spiritual side of man is not the product of intellectuality. . . . It is child-like just because it is even more fundamental to life than is this recent amazing innovation—mind; it indeed was the very nature of the teachings of Jesus as they have come down to us: 'Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein.' " —B.W.

NOTICES & COMMENTS

OLD FRIEND. Miss Elsa Wilde, of Newton, Massachusetts, came to Fellowship in Prayer via Mrs. William Hung in 1960. In the course of the following twenty years she proved to be one of those subscribers whose response to each issue made the publishing of it worthwhile. "To me," she wrote in 1975, "the real value of F.I.P. is the relief it gives me from reading the news of the day. It is like stepping from the maze of city traffic into the peace of garden." We received no comment or appreciation from her about the past few issues, however, because early in the summer Miss Wilde died, leaving a bequest of five hundred dollars to the Fellowship. The trustees want to use the gift for a special project, perhaps an award for service or an Elsa Wilde Scholarship.

Our Garden

by Georgiana Lieder Lahr

Our garden is so still,
So quiet,
So tranquil
In early morning hours,
It seems to be listening
To God.

Not a leaf stirs
On bush or flower,
Morning dew lies in sparkles
Everywhere.
Beauty unsurpassed.

Red hibiscus glows.
The bright trumpet flowers
Are silent now.
Perhaps later on today
They will play their "marching music."

But now silence reigns.
And only God speaks.

LETTERS

Dear Friends,

I think your magazine is wonderful, however, I question part of Ernest Seward's *Parable of Three Souls* in the June issue. I'm a recovering alcoholic myself, and have worked, played, and lived with many alcoholics through twelve and one half years of my own God-given sobriety and six years of work as a professional counselor. I myself would no more punish a person for what he or she said while alcohol had him or her in its grip than I would punish any other person who was under anesthetic. I am glad that "God as I understand Him" is not like the one in Seward's story.

On the other hand, I thought that the part about trees was beautiful and inspiring.

We learn in Alcoholics Anonymous to "Live and Let Live" and to "take what you need and leave the rest." There is much in this story that I am grateful to take, and this letter is my way of "leaving the rest."

Love and God Bless You
Jeanie R.

•

Fellowship in Prayer
20 Nassau Street, Suite 250 East
Princeton, New Jersey 08540

Date _____

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MEDITATION

An Act of Faith

PETITION that begins with need but does not end in complete trust in God is a cry, but not a prayer. Complete confidence in God is what Jesus called *faith,* and he made it the condition of power in petition. "Whatever you ask in prayer, believe that you receive it, and you will." "All things are possible to him who believes."

Trusting God with our deepest desires in prayer means more than hoping against hope. "The faith that shuts the mouths of lions," as Glenn Clark has pointed out, "is more than a pious hope that they will not bite." Our faith must be equal to or greater than the urgent need which led to prayer. The fear or revulsion created by disease or sin must be matched by a confidence and love which flows from the knowledge that God is able and willing to overcome any evil.

The whole mood of petition is changed as we look from our needs or desire to God. Then not *asking,* but what Emerson calls "glad conspiring reception," takes possession. If our prayer truly reflects God's will, He desires our prayer even more than our feeble longings can appreciate.

—From REALITY AND PRAYER by John Magee
(Harper & Brothers, 1957)

ASK

If
a prayer
is needed for someone
or for yourself,
let us know.

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Suggested BOOKS

Following are some of the books which have been used in the preparation of this issue:

COMMENTARIES ON LIVING, 1st Series, 2nd Series, 3rd Series, by J. Krishnamurti. Edited by D. Rajagopal. Quest Books, The Theosophical Publishing House, Wheaton, Ill., Madras, India, and London, England, 1968.

REALITY AND PRAYER, A Guide To The Meaning And Practice Of Prayer, by John Magee. Harper & Brothers, New York, N.Y., 1957.

THE WISDOM OF CHINA AND INDIA. Edited by Lin Yutang, Random House, New York, N.Y., 1942.

Sharing

by ALICE MACKENZIE SWAIM

Come, light your candle
From the one I hold,
That, each enriched,
We lessen dark and cold.

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